

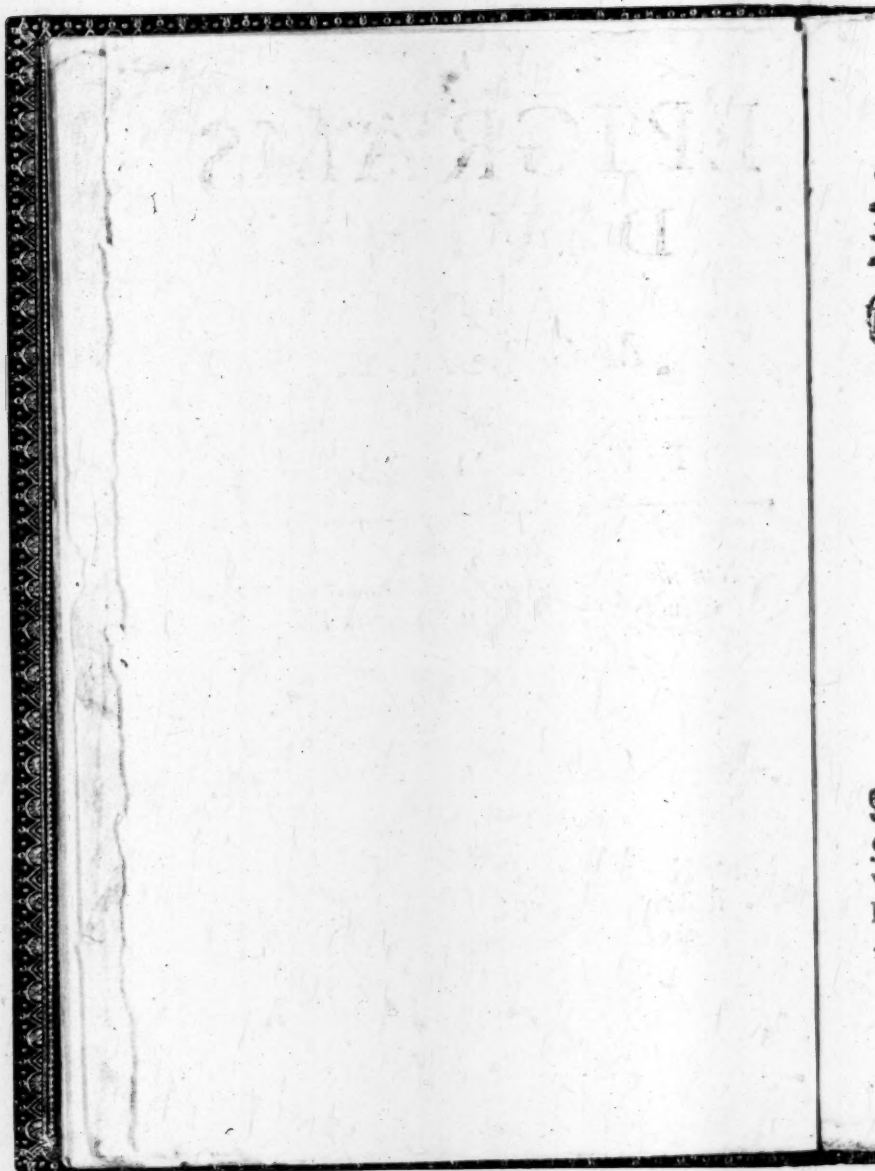
EPIGRAMS DIVINE AND MORALL.

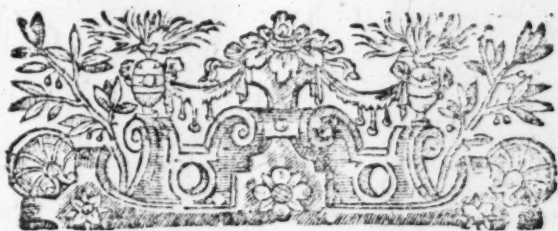
By EDVV. MAY, Gent.

— *Non illum premia tantum quam labor ipse juvat.*
Claudian. *De Laudibus Stiliconis* Lib. 3.



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Office. 1633.





EPIGRAMS,
DIVINE AND
MORALL.

I
On Christ, and the Virgin Mary.

A Virgin pure a Mother to become,
That Mother still a virgin to remaine,
Wonder it selfe at this is stricken dumbe,
VWhich our beleefe makes manifest and plaine;
Nay more, the Father came from daughters wombe,
And the Creator lay i'th' creatures tombe.

Epigrams, Divine.

(2)

*On Adam *, Eve *, and Christ *.*

Come hither *Oedipus*, for I thee summon,
A man is brought forth without man or womā
And three and thirty yeeres then reckon can *.
A woman without woman, out of man *.
Achilde without a Man, borne of a Maid *.
Tell me how this may be ? truth I have said.

(3)

*On Iosephs begging of Christs body
of Pilot.*

A Guilt there was, & a good man did crave it,
More worth thē al the world, a bad mā gauc it.

(4)

On Christ.

If e're the midst were good, my soule beleeves,
Twas then, when Christ was hang'd betwixt two
(theeves)

(5)

On Christ.

THere is a thing, the strengest e're was knowne,
V Which is it selfe the Temple, Priest & Stone,
Or

Epigrams, Divine.

Or Altar; and the offering likewise;
And he to whom was done the sacrifice.

(6)

De eadem.

VVhat might he be, that never had a Brother,
And was a great deale elder then his Mo-
(ther?

(7)

De eadem.

THe wound that *Adam* did by eating give,
Christ cur'd by dying, through whom we live.

(8)

De eadem.

VVHo dies in Christ, eternally shall live,
Who lives in him, him death, no death, ca
Where Christ is present, death away shall fly, (give,
For then we live, when here we seem to dye.

(9)

On Lazarus.

KNow Reader, underneath this stone there lyes,
He that was borne but once, and dyed twice,

B 2

of

Epigrams, Divine.

(10)
of Abraham.

Since when we dye, our bodies loofe their breath
What man was he that spake after his death?

(11)
On Christs Crosse.

OF Cypresse, Pine, and Cedar, was that Crosse,
By which the world most gain'd; yet was it
For there to give us life, Christ lost his breath (iosse
The Cypresse being an embleme of his death;
The Cedar of his Immortality,
The navigable Pine did signifie,
That death had lesser power to weigh downe
His God-head, then the water that to drowne.

(12)
To Hipocrisie.

CAn Gyant greatnesse cover guilt? it may,
And painting hide and trim deformed clay;
But draw thoe curtaines, and there will be found
A rotten poast a conscience most unsound.

Epigrams, Divine.

(13)

De eadem.

A Candle is most like an Hypocrite,
That vnto others gives a glorious light,
But wasts himselfe unto the tuckers snout,
There stinkes, is smelt, and so is trodden out.

(14)

De eadem.

AS Venison in a poore mans kitching's rare,
So Hypocrites and Vturers in heaven are.

(15)

On an Hypocrite.

TIs said that every Hypocrit commands,
The voyce of *Jacob*, *E*ars, heart and hands,
And like the cursed fig-tree seeme to flourish,
But with letues only, and no fruit does nourish.

(16)

To the Proud.

LEt him whose vast ambition strives to reare,
His altitude of thoughts above the spheare,

Epigrams, Divine.

Measure his shadow and he'll finde no more,
Is added to the length it had before.

(17)

On Mortality.

THose dayes we had are past and gon,
Of those to come, we are not sure,
Our present time we thinke not on,
How can so fine a thred endure?
Happie art thou that relyst,
In that short minute on thy Christ.

(18)

A caveat.

LEt these three things be in thy heart inrold,
That there's an Eye above does all behold;
An Eare that no word can be kept from it,
And last a Booke where all our faults be writ.
For he which oftentimes remembers this,
Shall seidome speake, or thinke, or doe amisse.

(19)

All's vanitie.

FOr every day i'th' yeare, we have a veine,
And each thing in our eye, or eare, is vaine;
For

Epigrams, Divine.

For every harvest eare, a thought we faine :
As mutable how e're, as is a phaine.

(20)

Saint Anselmes memento on the last day.

Remember this thou ashes, dust, and clay,
What will thy faulting tongue have then to
When at thy right hand sins accusing be, (say ?
And at thy left, Devils expecting thee ;
Beneath thee, hell belching continuall fire ;
Above thee, a iust Iudge incens'd to ire ;
Within thee, thy bad conscience weake and lame,
Without thee, all the world of one bright flame,
Where as the iust shall only saved be,
Whence it will be impossible to flee,
Though to remaine most greivous ; then alas,
Prevent in time, what time will bring to passe.

(21)

So { learne } { as if } { thou never shouldst decay,
live } { thou wert to dye to day.
Looke up to Heaven, count that thy friend,
Despise the world respect thy end.

Epigrams, Divine.

(22)

On a Toade.

ONe that was walking in a sunshine day,
Seeing an ugly Toade lie in the way,
Fell passionately a weeping, his friend by,
Enquir'd the cause, he sadly made reply,
How that the sight of that same loathsome thing,
Did to his conscience, the remembrance bring
Of his ingratitude to God, that he
Had never given thanks for th'excellencie,
Of his creation, being made, and fram'd,
Like his owne Image, by his breath inflam'd,
When he being in the Porters hands as clay
Within his power instructable it lay
To fashion, and bestow, on him the feature, (ture,
Of that same Toade, even the most deformedst crea-
Thus batest things heaven makes an instrument,
To humble thote are willing to repent.

(23)

To the Adulterer.

HE that does breake his holy wedlock band,
But tills anothers ground, and plowes the sand
Leaving his owne field unmanured, if then,
He findes seed sowne there, may thanke other men.

On

Epigrams, Diuine.

(24)

On Death.

A Thousand waies we dye, though borne but one
As manie strange diseases there are knowne,
Thus diuers paths death on vs makes his stealth,
And to resist him we have but one health.

(25)

On Sinne.

H Vge frames & buildings, of a pōderous weight
The earth can beare with a digested freight,
And all but sinne, that all things doth excell,
It weighe s downe, to the deepe abille of hell.

(26)

On Iustice.

Foure things true Iustice, never will come neere,
The which are fat gifts, fauour, hatred, feare.

(27)

Of men tunes.

TO these two pronounes, all things still are tide,
For Mens tunes doe the world diuide,
Yet be thou *Crasus* rich, I *Codrus* poore,
Not worth a mite compared to thy store,
The time shall come I truly doe diuine,
When naught shall differ betwixt mine and thine.

To

Epigrams, Divine.

(28)

To Superbus.

HVge frames and lofty buildings thou dost raise
Vnto the clouds to win the worldly praise,
Thy corne and oyle, increaseth, and thy rent,
Thou dost receive in state, to thee are sent
Rich gifts, and presents; all *Superbus* crave
Kindred of thee, no want of friends canst have,
Rich syndon, Syrian filkes, and unguents rare,
Deck up thy bodie, and perfume thy haire;
The Swannes of silent Lyris, yeld their downe,
To stuffe thy couch, thou fearst not fortunes frowne
Wines of high prise; lovicke Partridges,
And Affricke Quales, doe thy rich pallat please;
No cost upon thy selfe thou spar'st to spend,
But I will tell thee, that am more thy friend,
How thou maist better spend thy wealthy stoore;
Præthee *Superbus*, spend it on the poore,
For when thou thinkst thy selfe safe and well,
Thy soule may be snatcht, from thee into hell.

(29)

AS two and twenty letters our speech bath,
So two and twentie bookes containe our faith:

(30)

A *Microcosme*

THe Bodie is the mansion of the soule; (troule,
Where Emprasse like each part it doth con-
The

Epigrams, Diuine.

The eyes its Christall mirrours ; and the browes,
To be the portall faire, the minde allowes ;
The eares are the interpreters of sounds,
The lips the leaves are of the mouth, or bounds,
The worke-men of the body are the hands,
The heart the custody of life commands,
The lungs the bellowes moving speech and aire,
The stomacke of the meates is orderer ;
The bones the bodies strength in great or small,
The legges the columes that support up all.

(31)

De eadem.

COr sapit, & pulmo loquitur, Fel commouet Iram
Splen ridere facit, cogit amare Iecur.

Englisht.

Wisdome the heart, lungs speech the gal has wraths;
Laughter the spleene, and love the liuor hath.

(32)

To Extortioners.

IF Dives circled with hels flaming fire,
A little drop of water did desire
To coole his heate, yet never from the poore
Did he extract, to adde unto his store,
As ere I red, whilst he on earth did live,

But

Epigrams, Divine.

But his offence was only not to give,
If he such paines indur'd, what will become
Of them, at that black dreadfull day of doome
That never give, but griping doe oppresse,
The poore, the Widow, and the Fatherlesse.

(33)

On Almsdeeds.

THou that dost feare Gods anger, or that he,
Should turne away his blessed face from thee,
Then from the poore turne not thy face away,
For God will, like for like, for ever pay.

(34)

To Disimulation.

VVouldst thou that al men honest thee esteem
Strive the to be, what thou desir'st to seem.

(35)

Of Codrus.

IN ragges and tatters *Codrus* did resort
And would have gon into the Emperours Court;
The surly Porter beate, and thrust him by,
Saying to nak'd he should not enter; why?
Quoth *Codrus* then, the Gods are nak'd I troe,
And none but naked must to heaven goe.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(36)

On a Dwarf.

A Dwarf upon a Mastives backe did ride,
He cockt his hat, and set his armes aside,
And boldly then he gan to boast and vant,
As if he had bestride an Elephant,
At last vling his spur the Dog turn'd round
And with great violence cast him to the ground,
The Dwarf unhors'd, each laugh'd, why laugh you al
(Quoth he in rage) what? *Phaeton* had a fall.

(37)

To old Omelia.

THou wondrest why no men doe sue to thee,
Omelia thy hu band for to be,
Should any marrie thee, thou wouldst be tooke,
Not for his wite, but mother, by thy looke.

(38)

To Flora.

Flowe the fairest creature that does breathe
Or draw this ayre, to which she does bequeathe
More oderiferous balme, then bruised gum,
Of happie Arrabie priz'd at mightie summes,
So faire a forehead, Eyes to bright and cleare,
Doe only in chaste Cynthia appeare,

You

Epigrams, Morall.

You two are so alike that I should misse,
VVere you together, and *Diana* kisse
Instead of you, or you instead of her,
And onely this a difference doth prefer,
Harts wilde she kild with Arrowes she let flye,
Hearts milde thou kilst, with glāces from thine eye.

(39)

To Clara.

Clara, I doe not grosely with thee send,
Or gold, or Jewels unto me thy friend,
Or other presents which high priles sings,
For I can read thy love in humble things:
May I presume, I onely would command
A blushing Rose, that kist thy lilly hand.

(40)

To Vesbia.

THere but three furies vsd to be in hell,
But *Vesbia* being there now foure doe dwell.

(41)

To a covetous Churle.

Although thy blood be frozen, and thy scalpe
Exceede the whiteneffe of the lowie Alpe;
Though

Epigrams, Morall.

Though thy few teeth can hardly chew the crum,
Though to the stygian lake thou now art come,
And though one legge is now within the grave,
Yet still more gold thou dost desire to have:
VVhat dost thou mean? know *Charon* does not care
For all thy wealth, one penny is his fare.

(42)

Loves remedies.

TO quench loves fires three good spoonfuls take
Of Stygian water, or of Læthes lake,
And drinke it fasting when thou goest to bed;
Then in the morning wash thy face and head
VVith such a womans teares who constant lov'd,
For these are excellent, and haue bin prov'd;
But least these chance to faile thee, to be sure,
Take then a roape, for that's a present cure.

(43)

Beautie and vertue seldome meet:

SEldome is beauty with faire vertue crown'd,
The Canker in the sweetest Rose is found.

Epigrams, Morall.

(44)

To Slander.

TO bite with teeth does to all beasts belong;
But thou more beast, bit'st worser with thy tong

(45)

A Rule.

THree things feed life and keepe the body quiet,
A glad heart, minde content, and moderate diet.

(46)

To rich Cressus, and poore Codrus.

THOU art not *Cressus* rich, though thou hast store,
Nor art thou *Codrus* that hast nothing poore;
Rich *Cressus* precious stones and Jewels doth need,
And milke white horses of the Thrasian breed,
Rich cloth of Tissue wrought in Tyrean loomes,
Cyprus oyles and Arromaticke fumes;
Poore *Codrus* onely meat and drinke does lacke,
And rusticke cloathing for his naked backe;
Then since both want, as I doe here expresse,
Be frolicke *Codrus*, for thy need is lesse.

(47)

On the Eyes.

WHAT man would secret keep, the Eyes expresse;
Two things they are, cald love, & drūkennes.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(48)

On a blind Man.

ONe askd a blinde man in what place his eyes
He lost, he in a merrie vaine replies,
Sir, you can see the truth, but I suppose,
That they were lost, from either side my nose.

(49)

To Claudia.

SEven yeers did *Claudia* live her husbands wife,
And all that time did lead an honest life,
But whether 'twas her or her spouses crime,
She could not beare a childe in all this time,
Phisitions skill she vs'd, but all in vaine,
At last she to a fryer did complaine,
Who shriv'd her so, that in three quarters after
She was deliver'd of a son and daughter.

(50)

To Drusus.

D*rusus* I met and kindly did demand
Whether his wife were on the mending hand?
Oh, yes, quoth he, and I doe trust in God,
That she will shortly now come well abroad.
Sure *Drusus* is a Prophet, for next day
His wife was brought forth dead, and cold as clay.

C

Epigrams, Morall.

(51)

*On a woman burned in Smithfield the 20 of April
1632. who dyed a Wife, a Widdow, and a
true maide, by her owne free
confession.*

VVHē all in white pure as her quiet thought
Sheto her journies end was easly brought
How sweetly then she on her death-bed lay,
How cheerefully her eye did dart its raye,
What crim'on blushes in her cheekes were spread
And how the snow strove gently with the red;
All this I saw and thousands more beside,
Whole Eyes flow'd over, twas so high a tyde,
That had the fiers then bin kindled round,
They had bin quenched, and she in teares bin dround
How quickly up the nimble flame did skip
And like glad lovers, fed upon her lip;
Kist her faire eyes and with such fervor strove,
That they destroyd what they so much did love:
Impartiall death thy skill is strange and great
Thou wound'st with frost, but here thou kil'st with
And the like gold thou hast in fire tride, (heate,
And her bright soule thou now hast purifide;
For 'twas unfit the greedie wormes should rare
Such daintie flesh, or such a banquet share,
That was ordained by the destinies,

For

Epigrams, Morall.

For a burnt offering and a sacrifice.
Yet with my selfe when I thy case doe trye,
Me thinkes it is iniustice thou shouldst dye
A Wife, a Maide, a Widow, can this be?
The Law condemned onely one, not three,
And if the Wite the Iury guilty found,
Why was not shee alone with fires cround?
Or if the Widow did the offence commit,
Why was not then the innocent Maiden quit?
'Tis strange no drop of mercie could be shewne,
But let three suffer for the fault of one;
Yet of that one this might be truly said,
Shee did a Wife, a Widow, and a maide.
Thus did this Phoenix, Phoenix like Expire,
(Not three but one; not one but three) in fire.

(52)

To Flora.

THree graces were there, but whē Nature made
my Flora faire,
Then there were foure, and now in earth shee's laid
but three they are.

(53)

To Venus.

H O! fire, fire, this way, this way turne,
Yee wanton streames fall here, I burne, I burne,
C 2 My

Epigrams, Morall.

My bosome's all on flame, if *Cytherea*
Great Queene of lone and beauty, of the sea,
Was borne, why burnes she so? we water bring
Fire to quench, yet lone from thence did spring,
And turnes my brest to Etna; silly wretch,
From Icie streames thou scalding flames dost fetch;
Nought but a diamond can a diamond wound,
And nought but loue, to cure loues heat is found.

(54)

To Critticus.

CRITICUS, about to kisse a maiden throng,
He hapned first on one whose nose was long,
He flouting said, I faine would kisse you sweet,
But that I feare our lips will never meet,
Your nose stands out so farre; the maiden dy'd
Her cheekes with crimlon, but soone thus reply'd,
Pray sir then kisse me in that place where I
To hinder you, have neither nose, nor eye.

(55)

To Flora.

IN my faire *Flora's* brest two Apples grow,
Whiter than Ivory or Sythian snow,
Which common people call her breasts, where be
Nipples more red then blushing Strawberry.

Being

Epigrams, Morall.

Being unlac'd to take the filken ayre,
Cupid, a hungry, flew to suckle there,
And hauing suck'd, mother, quoth he, farewell;
Your dugs have milk, but these with Nectar swell.

(56)

On marrying a Widow.

I Rather had to lead a single life,
Then to enioy a widow for my wife:
For being dry, 'twere better keepe me fasting,
Then drinke that spring another dy'd by tasting.
In qua quis perijt non bibo, dixit, aquam.

(57)

On a Wife.

A Wife is of best vse, and has most roome
Within a bed of Downe, or in a Tombe:
But he that to a scoulding queane is wed,
Had rather haue her there then in his bed.

(58)

Of marrying twice.

THe Sea-man tos'd vpon the raging wave,
That every rude gust does expect a grave,
His Ship being split, and lost, and himselfe cast,

C 3

By

Epigrams, Morall.

By helpe of 'one small board or piece of mast,
Vpon a neighboring shore, forgets his paine,
And dares to venture on the Sea againe;
Such is his case that's once from wedlocke free,
And yet a second time will married be.

(59)

On a Strumpet.

NO lecherous Goat, that climbs the craggy hill
Or sparrows that upon the house-tops bill,
No beaſt, or ſatire over-grown with haire,
With an inſatiate woman may compare:
One Cocke ſufficeth twice five hens 'tis common,
But thrice five men can hardly pleaſe that woman.

(60)

To a Foote man.

IMuſd why *Iockie* troubled with the Gowt,
Did talke ſo much, at laſt I found it out;
His rootmanſh and dancing dayes being done
He now tooke pleaſure with his tongue to runne.

(61)

To Madam Non-ſuch.

ALady askd a ſparke, why beggars wives,
Were ſtill moſt fruitful, yet liv'd pooreſt lives,
Madam

Epigrams, Morall:

Madam (replied he) they are still assur'd
To have their ground well tild, and well manur'd
And if your husband cannot take the p'ine,
You should doe well to try anothers graine;
Well Sir, quoth she, since you such skill have shown
By you my garden shall be tild, and sowne.

(62)

To Catro.

Catro resigne thy government, give o're,
The Common-wealth thou now shalt rule no
Thy wife is choten governor to be, (more,
For thou the people rulst, but she rules thee.

(63)

On one that would pay monie in the evening

O Ne being at a scriveners to be bound,
For the sure payment of a hundred pound,
Being more nise, then wife, would not agree,
The time of payment on the day to be,
Why, quoth the notarie, our bonds doe run,
For monies payment betwixt Sun and Sun.
I but quoth tother this I dare to say,
The Evening Sir, was made before the day,
And therefore in the night it shal be paid,
The scrivener purst his gold, and laughing said,
Farewell t' ye Sir, and when of mee you borrow,
You shall give eldership vnto the morrow.

of

Epigrams, Morall.

(64)

Of good Wine.

GOOD Wine should vnto every sence appeare,
1. Vnto the sight faire color, pure and cleare,
2. To the eare a sparkling noife being powred fast,
3. A sweet, and pleasant relish to the taste,
4. The touching, rockie couldnesse should assume,
5. And the sweet smell an arrromaticke fume.

(66)

On a Painter.

ONE ask'd a Painter, seeing that he drew,
Such rare proportions to the life so true,
Why such deformed Children he begot;
He straight replyde, good Sir mistake mee not,
The one I lim and fashion in the light
With my best art, the other in the night.

(67)

On a bald knavish Foole.

DIOGENES at supper sat one night,
By chance a bald man was his opposite,
To whom he jesting said, my honest friend,
Ile not disgrace thee, only I commend
Thy haire that flew away from such a head,
For oftentimes I thus have heard it said,
More naire then wit, but thou most right and fit
Hast not a lot of haire nor any wit.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(68)

On man and woman.

VVHen man or woman dyes, as Poets sung,
His hart's the last that stirs, of hers the
(tongue.

(69)

On Marriage.

VVHen a man weds she he affecteth most,
He fetches backe the rib which first hee
(70) lost.

Of Physicians.

VVHen help's promis'd by a Physician,
He comes ith likenesse of a skillfull man;
And when he it performes he doth appeare,
In a blest Angels shape most bright and cleare;
But when he comes demanding his reward,
Hee's like a Divell and has no regard:
Therefore I count them wise to take the fee,
Whilst that the sicke hand will the giver be.

(71)

To a notorious Liar.

HAd I a secret that I would commit
To anies bosome, I should thinke it fit,
To tell it thee, for thou art truely knowne,
So great a liar, & so common grown, (good sooth,
That shouldst thou sweare and dam thou speakst
Not any would beleeye thou telst a truth,

The

Epigrams, Morall.

(72)

THe Hebrewes at the sacred fountaines quaff,
The Grecians at the Rivers take their draught,
The Latines at the silver brookes doe drinke,
English, and others, at the lakes small brinke.

(73)

Of a Witch.

A Certaine VVitch condemned to be burn'd,
Seeing her Son stand by, to him she turn'd,
And earnestly desir'd some drinke to have,
VVhich he denying, she the more did crave,
Saying, Deere Sonne I am exceeding dry,
Give me one draught of drinke before I dye:
For that, quoth he, if I remaine your debtor,
No matter Mother, you will burne the better.

(74)

On a Gull.

A VVorthy Lady *Monsieur Gull* did meet,
As he with anicke gesture pass'd the street,
At sight of her off went his hat and feather,
And bow'd that chin and knee eu'n kist together;
She gave him the salute, being Nobly bred,
And ask'd, When shal your wife be brought to bed:
He answer'd from th'abundance of his wit,
Even when your Ladiship shall thinke it fit.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(75)

On monie.

THe forme of monie round at first began,
Because it is to run from every man.

(77)

On captaine Sharke.

ONeaskd a friend where Captaine shark did lie
Why Sir quoth he at Algate at the pyc,
Away, quoth tother, he lies not there I know't,
No sayes the other, then he lyes in's throat.

(78)

On Signeor Vapor.

Sweet Signeor Vapor a late cast commander,
Boasts in the warres he was a Sallamander,
And livd in flames it might be true he spoke,
For now in peace, he onely lives by smoake.

(79)

To Camelson.

VVAlking in *Pauls* I met *Camelson* there,
Who told me he had bin to take the aire
Tth' Temple Cloysters when I did reaire,
Him did I finde being come to take the ayre,
Trasing the fields, the weather being faire,
He told me then h' had been to take the aire,

And

Epigrams, Morall.

And t'other day I heard him deeply sweare,
The musicke playd a sweet and dulcet aire;
Anothers dancing he esteemd most rare,
And vow'd he mov'd his bodie like the ayre;
He talkes so much on't that I thinke in troth,
The ayre is vnto him meat, drinke, and cloth.

(80)

To Spend-all.

Spend all to grace and guild his cunning shifts,
Swears by new coind oaths he lives by his wits;
They are wondrous sharp indeed, for I have known
When with Duke *Humphrey* he hath fed on stone.

(81)

An Acrosticke on Canary Sacke.

Come, come yee powerfull raptures, sisters nine
And bathe your spirits in this spring of mine,
Nectar, Ambrosia, nor Nепenthe can
Afford more immortality to man,
Rich blood it makes, comforts the hart & brain
Your noblest balsum for all grieve and paine.

Sacke, why tis only *Aganippes* well,
And much it doth *Pornassus* fount excell, (grape
Crowne mee with chaplets of this clustring
Kindle about me flames, draw swords, Ile scape
Even through the heart of danger, Sack as free
From thunder keepes me, as the Lawrell tree.

To

Epigrams, Morall.

(82)

To Women.

THe sword and sea ruines to many men,
That for one man you may finde women ten,
But were they few as good, the taylor knowes,
His bill would be but little for their clothes.

(83)

On a Sheep that gave a Wolfe sucke.

A Sheepe (a Wolfe) did suckle with her teat,
And when the Wolfe was lustie growne and
He in requitall slew the silly Sheepe, (great,
Thus kinde from kinde, no love nor cost can keepe.

(84)

To Cornutus.

HAppie art thou *Cornutus*, for to thee
All things are proper that may proper be,
Thy fat Sardinian Corne, and Indian Gold,
Thou truly proper to thy selfe dost hold,
To thee is proper thy most lussius Vine,
Which proper yeelds to thee old Massique wine,
Thy gratefull flockes are proper too, to thee,
Yeelding free offerings of fertillitie;
Thy wonderous wit, thy heart, and courage stout,
All that thou hast is proper thine no doubt,
Yet if I say so, I shall say amisse,
Thy wife's not proper, for she common is.

To

Epigrams, Morall.

(85)

To Claudius.

SEven wives of thine are laid within the ground,
The earth so kinde, but thee, y^e ho ever found?
These in short time thou hadst, and now hast none,
I have a longer time bin vex'd with one.

To Philenis.

(86)

Phylenis, doe not aske me why I weare
A platter on my lip, thou need'st not feare,
I doe not meane to kisse thee when we meet;
Phylenis, no, thy breath is not so sweet.

(87)

To Lalia.

Foure teeth had *Lalia*, which did grieve her moeth,
She durst not freely cough, her feare was such,
At length upon her it so fiercely grew,
That one sore cough did force her spit out two:
So halfe her feare was past, to quit her doubt,
Another hauke expeld the other out:
Now she may dreadlesse spit, hem, spue, and spaulse,
For now she's as none to cough away at all.

(88)

To Venus.

Venus one time got *Mars* his armour on,
His sword, his shield and javeling, wherupon
Quoth

Epigrams, Morall.

Quoth *Pallas*, come let's fight, let *Paris* be
An umpire now betwixt thy selfe and me;
Fie, fie, quoth *Venus*, when I naked stood,
Thou know'st I conquer'd thee in *Idas* wood.

(89)

To the saxe, otherwise.

P*allas* in armes before the gods once stood,
And challeng'd *Venus* then to try her might:
Quoth *Citherea*, nak'd in *Idas* wood
I conquer'd thee, and therefore scorne to fight.

(90)

To an inconstant Mistis.

FAlse one, farewell, Mans woe, and therefore mine,
Stringst thou thy vowes upon so weake a line
That they are broke and lost? Nounne adiective,
That canst not stand without a substantive,
And then art falling too, weake feminine,
What gender art thou? or who can decline
Thy heart, it is the common of two, else, either
The doubtfull, or the Neuer; true tis neither,
Nor proper ist to one, but like thee woman
Takst part with *homo*, unto all men common:
Forth of my harts true Grammer thee Ile raire,
So foule a leafe shali stand no longer there:

Tis

Epigrams, Morall.

'Tis blotted so, that I no word can see,
Only thy characterd inconstancie;
Adrew changing *Camelion*, that dost live
By ayre, and that, my numerous sighes doe give
Farewell thou various raine-bow, which appears
More glorious, after my sad showre of teares,
Those sighes, and teares Ile in the ballance lay,
With the light Creature whom they shal outweigh
Oh but thou wilt not tarrie in the scale,
There is so much quicksilver in the tale,
Thy wanton friskes I tell thee will be little,
When thou art temperd well with fasting spittles
And since thou wilt be changing, change then all,
And take a lodging in the hospitall,
Then change thy daubing next, another place,
Is fit for plasters better then thy face,
When thou vowst love againe, change not, tis evill,
For shouldst thou, who'd beleewe the next, the devil
Why Counsell I in vaine, for it is knowne,
True love ha's rules prescribd, but lust has none.

(91)

To Flora.

WHILE dusky clouds do shake their dewy plumes
And the sad earth exhales her mistie fumes,
When peartly showres fall, the Sun is fled,
And each thing droopes, the violet hangs her head,
Then

Epigrams, Morall.

Then mase not, *Flora*, why I sad remaine,
My flowing eyes distill soft showres of raine,
And all my powers melt for lacke of thee,
For thou, my Sunne, art gone away from me.

(92)

To Callus.

Gallus finds fault with such as doe indite
In a new phrase, when they doe letters write:
The reason why he thinks this an abuse is,
He keeps an old one, serves him for all vses.

(93)

To Lupus.

The garments of S. Francis, Papists say,
Will keepe 'vm safe, and fright the fiend away;
And therefore *Lupus*, when that he is gone
To commit theft, or mischife, gets them on:
But although he a Fryars habit haue,
The diuell sure will know him for a knaue.

(94)

Who are most merry?

The Popish Priests most mirth doe keepe;
For they doe sing, whilst others weepe.

(95)

Who most free?

Physicians are most free, for they haue leaue
To kill, and yet no punishment receiue.

D

Who

Epigrams, Morall.

96

who most mad?

Nice schollers are most mad, that fight & swear
Onely 'bout vowels, and for sound and ayre.

97

Who most blest.

THe poore are blest that are content
With whatsoeuer God has sent.

98

of Marriage.

THe quietest Mariage that I e're could finde,
Is when the Husband's deafe, & the wife blind.

99

To Vacera.

IF *Vacera* you strictly doe behold,
You by her face would iudge her to be old:
But if you by her haire, her yeares doe scan,
I doe confesse she's but an Infant than.

100

To Zoylus.

Here's fenerall-baits; then *Zoylus* come and bite;
Alas, poore foole, they do not terme thee right
That terme thee vicious, thinking so to gall thee,
For thou art vice it selfe, and so I'le call thee.

The end of the first Century.

I A

Epigrams, Morall.

I

*A Comparifon betwixt a Shippe
and a Wife.*

A Ship and a good wife ſhould thus agree :
That being the greateſt moucable, we ſee,
Man can enioy ; and yet our art doth learne
To rule and guide it by a little ſterne :
So ſhould a woman with obedient will
Be rul'd, and gouern'd by her husbands ſkill :
And as it ſayles by ſounding, compaſſe, care,
To judgement and diſcretion muſt prepare
Her wayes, and actions ; that though enuy blow,
She may reſiſt, and triumph o're her foe :
Here muſt ſhe differ, and be thus vnlike,
For as one Veſſell may her rep-ſayle ſtrike
To many Merchants, ſo there muſt be none
Haue any ſhare or right in her but one :
Then as a ſhip, of all goods man can haue,
May not be heus'd ; a wife ſhould neuer craue
To gad, or lye abroad : and to conclude,
Ships may be painted, women neuer ſhould.

On the Eyes.

THe eye-lid's the leaſt member, yet it car-
And has the power to darken the whole man.

D 2

Mors

Epigrams, Morall.

(4)

Mors ultima linea rerum.

THe Clergy prayers for all to heauen sends,
The bold and valiant souldier all defends,
The rusticke Clowne does nourish all, and feed,
And last comes death, deuouring all with speed.

(5)

On Manuscripts.

THough the word spoken liue, the written dyes;
Yet that shall end, this liue eternally.

(6)

On a Cut-purse.

A Cut-purse is the best trade in the land,
For his worke done, his mony's in his hand.

(7)

On a shee Papist.

A Young shee Papist asked best was which,
To wed a young man, or an old man rich:
Quoth one, the old; so thou'lt be sure to keep
Enow of fasting dayes, and little sleepe.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(8)

n Mr. Robert Cromwell, who for paysoning his Master, was executed at Tiburne,
on Saturday, Iune 2.
1632.

IT is a common weaknesse in our blood,
To loath that Potion which may doe vs good;
But in diseases dangerous, 'tis fit,
To vse like cure that may remedy it.
And, *Cromwell*, though the Law was vnto thee
A bitter pill, yet did it purge thee free:
Neither could vpright Iustice more expresse,
In way of pittie, or in right doe lesse.
Astrea weigh'd thy crime with euen hand;
And though thy peece was faire, wherein did stand
A perfect Image; yet to light it was
By many graines, and could not rightly passe,
Not with allowance; but againe thou must,
(Being cast, and fill'd anew) resolute to dust:
Yet though thou wer't condemn'd by th' reuerend
(Big with thy guile) thy happy soule did draw
The breath of Innocents, which perfum'd thy path
To heauen with sweets, more then *Elizium* hath:

D 3

And

Epigrams, Morall.

And sacred Priests to thousand weeping eyes,
Acknowledg'd thee a destin'd sacrifice,
What reuelation, or what holy flame
Mounted thy drooping thoughts, so yong, so lame
(As thy fault made thee) swan-like at thy end
To chant such diuine Anthems? Did attend
Legions of Angels on thee, at that time
Thou wer't to suffer? didst thou heare the chime
Of the Cœlestiall spheares, that thy glad spright
Seem'd to be rauish'd with such free delight?
Thou hop'd it more Angels were attending on thee,
Then at thy death were eyes to graze vpon thee.
The good sould Iudees, most vprightly gaue
Thee guilty for th' offence, due to the graue;
And thou a fellow wert at thy last breath,
Like the good Theef thou stol'st heauē at thy death
Iustly the Law condemn'd thee, and thy spot
Was plaine and euident, yet that grosse blot
Diuinitie has wip'd out, thou now art cūen,
The Law of man's fulfill'd, and will of heauen.
We must not say 'tis pittie thou did'st dye,
Because we all are mortall; nor will I
Say thou art guilty of that vild offence
Thou suffer'd'st for; nor crowne thy innocence,
Onely to this an answer Me receiue,
Shall we the Gospell, or the Law beleene?

Epigrams, Morall.

On two Louers, George and Belle:

MY better fate, my sight, blest with a paire
Of young and gentle louers, both so faire,
That in my rauisht thoughts the tale did moue,
Of young *Adonis* and the Queene of loue:
But here this *Adon* woo'd one of such price,
That had fraile man another Paradise,
One Necker'd Cherry from her tempting lip
Would make him lose it: did he but sip
Some of her precious and preserving breath,
He could not dye, despite of fate or death.
The rugged Ayre grew gentle at her sight:
Ten thousand starres, as she did walke by night,
Hasted to see her; ere the Moone could rise,
And did receiue bright lustre from her eyes,
To quill the gloomy Eue, Nature must seeke
Some quainter name: the pure flood in her cheek
Does cause the Roses blush; her virgine hue
Makes Lilies droop their heads, and shed their dew
Instead of teares, grow pale with shame, and dye,
When they are cald by some o're hasty eye
To match those milky paths, which seem'd to trace
Along her snowie bosome, from her face:
Her lips, a pretty bird, vpon a day,
Mistooke for Cherries; and had pin'd away
For want of food, but that her balmine breath

Epigrams, Morall.

Preferu'd the innocent from cruell death.
And euer since, scorning all other fare,
It's a Cameliion cal'd, and liues by Ayre.
Oh Nature, wherfore whē thou first mad'st woman
Mad'st thou not all alike, or else all common?
But blest art thou, faire youth, that dost possesse
So rich a beauty; nor thy selfe art lesse
In excellence of feature: for what she,
I lent in praise, I borrow'd first from thee:
And should I vindicate thy blest forme o're,
I shall but speake what I haue said before:
So thou art nothing, *George*, without thy *Besse*,
And she without thee, must be needs much lesse.

On his Mistresse a little wauering.

(1)

Hast thou power to soften hell?
And the stubborne furies quell?
Canst thou Beasts and Satyres moue
By thy art? and quicken loue;
Much thou maist, yet faile to finde
The center of a womans mind.

(2)

For though some in stories stood
Excellent for faire and good,
Constant in their loues, and wise,
Whose examples might suffice,
Yet beleeue't, blind Nature spent

Epigrams, Morall.

So much in waſt, ſhe did repent.

(3)

And therefore with the Fates agreed,
To ſpring ſuch fruit, but ſpoyle the ſeed.
Then thou fond man, call home, call home
Thy wandring heart into it's room:
Liue at peace, and neuer truſt
Women faire, and loyniſt.

*On a handſome Maid, who lou'd an ill-
ſhapen dwarfe, call'd the Lo. of
Portſmouth.*

CAN this report be true by loue? 'tis rare,
And pittifull, a Maid ſo young and faire,
To dote vpon an Vrchine: how can ſhe
Looke on the ruiner of her Chſtitie,
And not diſſolue in teares? will not the Roſe,
Blowne in her Lilly checke, grow pale, and cloſe
When he climbs vp to kiſſe it? and the white
Be ſoyl'd and blaſted at the loathed ſight?
Shall I blame thee, oh loue! no; for I feare
The monſter Luſt hath vſurpation here:
Sh' has heard, it may be, how a Queene of Creer
Did loue a Bull, and held the dalliance ſweet;
And therefore hopes to proue at leaſt the halfe
Of thoſe delights and pleaſures, by this Caſe;
Who with her helpe (though he be Nature's ſcorn)
May grow a Beaſt, yet of a larger horne.

Or

Epirams, Morall.

Or shall the Serpent watch th'esperides,
And guard her golden fruit ; yet *Heracles*
Can charme him, enter in, and shake the tree,
Taste all, and leaue the passage after free.
What is her rebell blood so wanton growne,
Shee's sicke till the fooles bable be her owne,
And such a cramped Monkey: but it may be
She is ambitious to be stild a Lady,
To be of kindred to the Pharie Queene
(For so her changeling is) and on the greene
With them to trip in ring-lets, and be made
A gentle faye, and Madam of the shade.
She neede not feare, as common mortals doe,
The pinching of her white armes blacke and blew,
Her cozen Elues and Goblins will dispence
(For her deare spouse sake) with her offence.
Then Hymen snuffe thy torch, lead on the way,
The Bride dorth with her crooked Bridgroom stay,
Whose humble dwarfe-ship may meet this ecclips,
To kisse her taile, when others reach her lips.

(2)

To Fabulus.

I askt *Fabulus* why hee had no wife,
Quoth he, because Ide liue a quiet life.

Epigrams, Morall.

(10)

To Momus.

WHy Spanish-leather on thy head dost wear
Oh, now I know, 'tis cause thou hast no
And I commend the workman did it doe, (haire.
Thy pate is clouted neater then thy shooe.

(11)

To Balde pate.

With curious Iuorie combe why art thou sped,
When not a haire does grow vpon thy head.

(12)

On a Ramme.

O Cruell Butcher, of a bloody minde,
How canst thou be so wicked and vnkinde,
With thy sharpe knife to cut his tender throat,
That oftentimes has given thee his coat.

(13)

Against praying for the dead.

THou sowest in sand, or anst in the ayre,
That thinkest to helpe a soule decest, by prayre.

(14)

To Cotta.

Cot knows his wife's a whore, & saies 'tis right,
One lampe may giue a score of men good light.

To

Epirams, Morall.

(15)

To Callice.

V Ere vertue, goodnesse, and plaine honesty
But halfe so deare as is thy drinke to thee,
Then would the virgin Lilly, nor the Rose,
Spread it selfe gently in thy face and nose.
Thou'rt rich enough, for pearles and rubies store
Grow in thy nose, then say thou art not poore.

(16)

To Phylane.

P *Hylen* lets teares but from one eye fall,
The reason is, she hath but one in all.

(17)

On Hermophroditas.

P *Arthia*, great with child, to'ch Temple came,
And offering Incence with religious flame
Vnto the gods, for her the Priest enquir'd
What 'twas she went withall, this she desir'd;
A fire flew o're the Altar, and deuour'd
The sacred Wine, and Oyle which she had powr'd:
This promis'd speedy answer, and with ioy
She listning lay; quoth *Phæbus*, 'tis a boy:
Mars said it was a girle; *Iuno* reply'd,
'Twas neither girle nor boy: her cheekes late dy'd
With crimson bushes, now waxt wan and pale,
That hardly could the aged Priest preuaile

To

Epigrams, Morall.

To keepe life in her : but being safe and well,
At length came home, she straight in labour fell,
And was deliuer'd as the gods said, right,
Boy, Girl, yet neither an *Hermaphrodite* ;
Her time of lying in being over past,
She to the former Temple hies in hast ;
And hauing done her holy sacrifice,
She does againe request the deities
With prayers, on humble knees pressing the earth,
What fate should follow her prodigious birth.
Mars said she should be hang'd, *Phœbus* said no,
But he by water should his life forgoe :
Quoth *Iuno*, as he's neither, so this death,
Not that, but his owne sword shall end his breath.
Parthus amaz'd at this, aloud she cry'd,
Either too cruell ; so went home and dy'd.
Hermaphroditus growne to mans estate,
Being one time put to a dangerous strait
By a pursuing wolfe ; flying, espy'd
A thicke branch'd tree growne by a riuer side ;
Whose spreading armes at such a length were layd,
That they the gliding brooke did ouershad.
Seeking to climbe the tree, his foe to shun,
His sword fell out, and in his belly run :
Thus wounded, downe he fell ; the boughs did meet
Him in his falling, and held fast his feet ;
His head, the murmuring waues (that seem'd to
The fates receiu'd, & thus he stringely dy'd. (chide
And

Epigrams, Morall.

And so this man, maid, neither, here was found
To suffer all three deaths, hang'd, kild, and drown'd.

(18)

To Flacca.

I Loue thee not, yet know not what should moue
But onely this, in troth I cannot loue thee. (me,

(19)

To Appricius.

Much dost thou prouise, much dost thou begin
But naught dost finish thou hast enter'd in;
And so when into drinking thou dost fall,
Appricius thou canst make no end at all.

(20)

To Cinna.

Was *Mithridates* vs, and his intent,
Still to eat poyson, poyson to preuent:
So because hunger *Cinna* shall not kill,
He vies much to fast against his will.

(21)

To Lælius

When others speake, thy tongue apace does walke,
And then beleeu'st that thou dost wisely talke:
The arrant foole that is, may prattle so,
And yet no stander by his folly know;
But now the rest are silent and giue eare,
Now *Lælius* speake, thy wisdom let vs heare.

To

Epigrams, Morall.

(22)

To Elifia.

Elifia sent to me a Hare, and writ
I should be faire seuen dayes after it :
If thou sayst true, *Elifia*, then I sweare
In all thy life thou ne're didst eate a hare.

(23)

To Thraso.

Vicious, and euill minded men there be,
But, honest *Thraso*, this is naught to thee ;
Cassio keepes whores, who'le feele the smart but he,
And honest *Thraso*, &c.
Gnat a dice conuoyes his state we see,
But honest *Thraso*, &c.
He sits vp late, and vaineely watch doth keepe,
Thou in thy bed all night dost soundly sleepe :
Calvus from *Lupus* debt is neuer free,
But honest *Thraso*, &c.
Thou nothing ow'st, nor none can doe thee wrong,
Yet there are some things doe to thee belong ;
Thy coaths are pawn'd, set them at liberty,
This, *Thraso*, only does belong to thee ;
Not one will trust thee for a doyt againe,
This, *Thraso*, vnto thee does appertaine :
Thy wife does giue thee horns ; & this great wrong
Does most, my *Thraso*, vnto thee belong.

Much

To

Epigrams, Morall.

Much more there is, but what belongs to thee,
Does not, good *Thraso* appertaine to me.

(24)

On *Arria* and *Pætus*.

P*ætus* commanded by the Tyrant's will,
With his own sword his own dear blood to spil,
His chaste wife *Arria*, being present by,
First tooke the sword, and with a scornfull eye
Beheld the Tyrant; saying, Monster know,
Though it is in thy power, at one blow
To kill two bodies, yet our soules shall flee
Hence, spight of thee, and in *Elizium* meet:
Thy cruell doome pronounc'd, shall make vs blest,
And saying so, she pierc'd her noble brest;
Then drew it forth, and gaue the bloody blade
Vnto her dearest husband, and thus said,
My faithfull *Pætus*, what I now haue done,
Does grieue me not, but when the sword shall run
Through thy heart, that heart I lou'd so well,
The thought of that to me alone is hell;
Yet sweet make hast to ouertake: her breath
Flew with that word; her selfe o'retane by death.

(26)

To *Luper*.

L*uper*, when late I did thee sitting see,
Me thought I saw three men, which consen'd me;
Thy bald pate 'twas, where stood one patch of hair,
And

Epigrams, Morall.

Another here, likewise another there,
Afraid of one another; and so seene,
As if in facions they had parted beene:
Thy Crowne was bare, where many an ally was,
In which there grew not halfe a blade of grasse
Yet thy head yeelds vnto thee profit: when
The Emperors dole is giuen, other men
Onely one basket haue, but thou hast three,
But haue a care, if thee *Aleides* see
Before grim *Pinto's* gate, thou art but dead,
So like to three: chapt *Cerberus* is thy head.

(27)

On Leander.

L Eander sinking, cry'd vnto the waues,
Spare me you seas, spare me you liquid graues,
Vntill my *Hero* I haue seene; be still,
And spare me now, then drowne me if you will.

(28)

To Flora.

M Y dearest *Flora*, it is wondrous strange,
That one so faire should subiect be to change;
For in an *April* day there cannot be
More change of wethers, then there's change in thee
Sometimes thou full of pleasure dost appeare,
And then thou swear'st thou only hold'st me deare
Straight, in a franticke vaine, thou fly'st away,
Nor haue I power to entreat thee stay:

E

Againc,

Epigrams, Morall.

Againe, that humor off thou art more kind,
Then louing Turtle, or the Southerne wind;
Now thou mak'st much of me, and now againe
Thou break'st thy vowes, and put'st me vnto paine:
Would *Tantalus* my case were like to thine,
Thy punishment's to be in waues and pine:
But 'tis a greater plague to be a dry,
And yet not drinke, when *Nectar* standeth by:

(29)

To a naughty Lawyer.

THou dost the Court with noyle & businesse fill,
And practis & talk'st it, as if thou hadst great skill
I'th Law; yes faith, thou hast as much as need,
Need has no Law, nor thou hast none indeed.

(30)

To Labine.

THou married hast a wife deform'd and blacke,
And yet no wealthy substance did she lacke:
Her didst thou choose, wisely, to set thee free,
For hands to feele, not for thine eyes to see.

(31)

To marke a Vsurer.

MArke, miserable wretch, as I heare say,
Would needs go hang himselfe the other day,
But thus he was deceined of his hope,
For vnder three pence he could buy no rope:
+ Oh sic, quoth he, the price amaz'd the Elfe:

Two

Epigrams, Morall.

Two pence halfe penny he gaue, & hang'd himfelfe.

(32)

To *Marcus*.

M *Arcus* being drunke o're night,
his bed does keepe,
Till noone next day, does *Marcus* foundly fleepe
And being bid, by fome that doe him know,
To yee'd a reason why he fleepeth fo,
He makes reply, why does not *Dauid* fay,
'Tis vanity in man to rife e're day.

(33)

The *Louers Enigma*.

Sum sine Deo, sum sine te, sum sine me.

W hat power shall I inuoke,
and to whom turne me,
To thaw my Ice, or quench the fire does burne me;
I fee my folly, count it worthy blame,
And yet haue no fig-leaf to hide my shame:
Is there an Art vnto our memory fet,
And can we not as well learne to forget?
Oh no, for trifles we eftreme as rare,
When they are purchas'd with much coft and cares:
Like *Tantalus* I onely feaft mine eye,
And count my shadow that does from me flye:
As the poore Moath, my funerall flame I fan,
In louing thee, I leane to be a man,
And what a man should be, and am become

E 2

Bank-

Epigrams, Morall.

Bankrout, in paying vnto thee a summe
Of faithfull teares, and constant vowes; nay, more,
I am without God; for I doe adore
And seeke thee more then him: for thee I pine,
Yet am without thee, 'cause thou art not mine:
And what most weiges me downe into my graue,
I am without my selfe, being thy slaue:
Iudge then my case, how strange it is, and odde,
Without thee I'me without my selfe, and God.

(34)

To his Mistris who found fault with him.

AS your bright eyes discouer my amisse,
So your faire lips may cure me with a kisse:
Then if I am not good, the fault's in you,
That spare your kisses and to mend me too.

(35)

To his cruell mistris.

FAire cruel Mistris, since nor prayers, nor teares
Can mone your pitie, nor my tender yeares,
Yet since your heart is stone, oh giue glue consent
To let it be my true hearts monument.

(36)

To Lacon.

I Asked Lacon, that was lately wed,
Why such a little wife he had chose to bed?
Oh friend, quoth he) I hold it for the best,
Still, of all euils, for to choose the least.

Epigrams, Morall

(37)

To a Braggart.

Since, *Scurdy*, thou canst better fart then fight,
Take *S* away, and thou art such a wight.

(38)

On a woman and a ship.

A Goodly ship, a faire and wanton woman,
For mans vse both created, and both common;
Such is their natures, their condition such,
That they can ne're be trick'd or trimd too much.

(39)

On the Sun and mans thoughts

What in the world is swifter then the Sun,
That in a day the orb'd round doth run?
The thought of man, whose quicke and fleet force
Does in a moment circle the same course.

(40)

On the Pope.

A Glorious seat, and most imperiall state,
The Pope has purchas'd after this lifes date;
For heauen he doth continually sell,
And with those summes has bought a place in hell.

Vendidit et Cælum Romanus et Astra sacerdos:

Ad signum igitur, cogitur ire domus,

E 3

Truths

Epigrams, Morall.

(41)

Truths above all.

King, wine, or women, which is strong't of these
But I say Truth's 'bove al, say which you please.

(42)

On a little Boy, who wore a sword.

I saw a little yongster weare a sword,
The other day, and strut it like a lord :
I, smiling, ask'd him who it was that ty'd
Him to his weapon ? the poore vrchin cry'd,

(43)

On small Beere.

ONe d'd commend the purenesse of his Beere,
Indeed, Sir, wer't a little thought more cleere
(Quoth on, on whom he freely did bestow it)
Surely from water one should hardly know it.

(44)

Qui morat, morabitur.

THe Salamander, ready to expire,
Wanting his naturall Element, the fire ;
Being got into a barne, frighted the Mice
With his strange uncouth noyse, that in a trice
They take 'vm to their holes, and there they peepe ;
Wondring what Monster did their dwelling keep ;
But knowing who it was, they boldly came,
And

Epigrams, Morall.

And with their jeeres and mocks, they lend a flame
Vnto his frozen heart; but 'twas in vaine
For him to vex or raile, for still his paine
Increas'd, and their flouts and mocks grew greater,
Making his woes, and their delights compleater:
At length, by some mishap, or want of care,
The Barne ~~was~~ all on fire; the vermine stare,
And muse to see such light, away they run
Towards their Cells, the greedy flames to shun;
But those are grown too hot, and backe amaine
They poast, the flames possession there had rane:
No harbour find they, each one madly seekes:
The heat does parch 'vm, and their cryes & shrieks
Is musicke to the Salamanders eares,
Who now recouer'd, at 'vm laughs and jeeres:
Playes with the wanton flames, and leaps, & turnes,
Whilst the poore Mice consume, & the Barn burns.
But now no fuell left for flames to eat,
They famish now for want, and make retreat;
Leauing the Salamander as distrest,
As at the first; who being ouer-prest
With killing cold, casting his dying eye
Where the sad ruines of his enemies lye,
Quoth he, I gladly now resigne my breath,
In that I am reueng'd before my death.

Epigrams, Morall.

(45)

To *Priscus* and *Galla*, man and wife ;
Who ne're agreed in all their life.

P*riscus* loves wine, *Galla* does not despise it,
He vses to be drunke, she neuer flies it :
Priscus spends all, all *Galla* does consume,
He loves Tobacco, she delights in fume :
Priscus does keepe a whore, *Galla* a knaue ;
He gallant goes, and she is very braue :
Priscus is blacke, and *Galla* is not faire,
He meager is, and leane, and she is spare :
Since that both wicked, both so like we see,
I wonder why they neuer doe agree.

(46)

To *Spurius* and *Stella*.

S*tella* does bury all her husbands still ;
And *Spurius* with his wiues the vault doth fill ;
Whom they doe marry dye : good *Hymen* light
Thy Saffron Torch, let it burne cleare and bright ;
And grant these conquerors may haue the lot
For to be knit in sacred nuptiall knot ;
That at one time they may together haue
One solemne funerall, one knell, one graue.

Epigrams, Morall.

(47)

To Crispus.

VHen I dine with thee, look vpon thy wife,
Tho frownt, & in thy trencher stabst thy
Prethe what fault is this? the sun, the sky, (knife :
The stars, and things more glorious to mine eye,
I may behold : what should I turne aside ?
Or vaile me with my hand, as if I spy'd
Some vgly object? if no guest shall see
Thy lousing wife, let me then counsaile thee,
That none at meales may euer thee molest.
Good *Crispus* let some blind man be thy guest.

(48)

To Castellus.

GRieue not, my friend, because thou art backbi-
But let that ill, be with thy good requited. (ted
For name of wretch, does vnto him belong
That slanders thee, not thou that hast the wrong.

(49)

To Drusus.

THou art proper, handsom, & wel shap'd, we see,
Yet many people take me still for thee ;
Would I were like one soule, so good he were,
For now thy faults about me I doe beare.

Epirams, Morall.

(50)

*To his Mistis, because he came not in the day-
time, as he promised.*

V Hat though I did not come by day,
according to my vow?
Must I for that endure the raye
of thy incensed brow?
No, rather crowne my head with bayes,
and kisse me with delight,
For loue has not such sport by dayes,
as pleasures in the night.

(51)

*To Flora, that vnseene tooke his handkercher
out of his pocker.*

A Louely beauty, that did owe
A hand more white then falling snow,
To make her sport with others grieft,
Pleas'd to play the beauteous thiefe;
And whilst I with various thought,
Still at fleeting shadowes caught,
On my Elbow carelesse lay,
Stoale my handkercher away,
Vnfelt of me; but 'twas her art,
She might steale this, who stole my heart,

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(52)

On a Heart sent to his Mistris.

Sweet, if you can thinke what paine
A heart thus wounded, may sustaine,
I neede not then to you impart,
The anguish of my bleeding heart;
Enough I feele, yet cannot dye,
Because my life's fed from your eye:
By you I haue or woe, or blisse,
This the poore harts evill is;
And such a one doe I endure,
Which no King alive can cure,
Nor Physicke helpe; onely you,
Heaven has lent this power to:
Then since you ail evils checke,
Hang like an Angell 'bout my necke.

(53)

To Torpetus.

A Fruitfull wench God send me, when I wed,
I hate these barren dames: *Torpetus* fed
He married *Franke*, and so he had his prayer,
For the next day she brought him forth a paire.

(54)

To such as paint themselves.

W Ho loue to paint their face, this hope haue they
That God shan't know them at the later day:
But they which vse such colours, but foretell,

How

Epirams, Morall.

How they shall shew when they are dam'd in heavn.

(55)

To his Picture.

MY face the Painter has express'd by Art,
But God does know the secrets of my hart.

(56)

To Sixtus.

Sixtus, thy wife is faire, that's not amisse:
But she's a cold; tell me how lik'st thou this?

(57)

To an unskilfull Physician.

Achilles with his speare his foes did spill;
Thou with more ease, with a smal herb dost kil,
Thou art more worthy then Achilles found,
Onely his speare could cure as well as wound.

(58)

On a Drunkard.

Whithin this graue he chok'd with dirt does ly
That in his life time was but once adry.

(59)

Five things white.

Foure things are white, the fift exceeds the rest,
Snow, silver, ceruse, age, and a chaste brest.

Epigrams, Morall.

(60)

To Torpetus.

THy wife is barreū, what's the reason trow ?
Why I will tell thee, if thou dost not know ;
Plants wil not thrive, except they well are set, (get.
And she bears nought, 'cause thou nought canst be-

(61)

To Aulus.

WHat *Aulus* does, not now doe I demand ;
But which of these, I faine would vnderstand,
Or drinke, or sleepe, pray whether of these two,
For nothing else I know does *Aulus* doe.

(62)

To Callus.

C*allus*, the dreadfull thunder-claps to shun,
Downe to some Cellar in all hast doth run ;
And there he counts him selfe both safe and well,
He thinkes in Cellars God does neuer dwell.

(63)

To one that brag'd he was nos'd like *K. Cyrus*.

THou sayst thou art hawk-nos'd as *Cyrus* was ;
Haue *Myda's* eares, and then be like an Asse.

(64)

Of meny and land.

WHat's coyn, or gold, or siluer, nought but rust ;
What's land & great possessions? noght but dust

T.

Epigrams, Morall.

(65)

To a Prodigall.

IN brave Outlandish, and in strange attire,
Thou pleasest thy fantastick desire :
Somtimes the roring French, the Spaniard than,
And other while the spruce Italian :
But now at last in rags, all rent and torne,
What fashion's this ? is it beyond-Sea worne ?

(66)

A verse of Homer.

WHat crimes soe're great Princes doe commit,
The Common-wealth is ture to pay for it.

(67)

Of him that is in debt.

WHo owes much money, shuns all company,
Like to the Owle that in the night doth flye.

(68)

On a Foole bitten with Fleas.

A Foole extreamly troubled with the Fleas,
By no meanes in his bed could take his ease,
But rising vp with speed put out the light,
Saying you shall not see me now to bite.

(69)

On a Drunkard.

A Drunkard fell into a feuer sore,
Whereby his thirst grew greater then before :

Physi-

Epigrams, Morall.

Physicians came, who promised to cure
His Feuer, and the thirst he did endure:
To whom the Patient spake, Physicians see
You cure my Feuer, leaue my thirst to me.

(70)

On a young man, and an old man.

A Young man, and an aged man of late,
Being in a Tauerne, fell at great debate:
The youth thinking the testy fire too coole,
Said, turd i'th thy teeth, thou crabbed doing foole.
At this the old man laugh'd, and made reply,
Turd in his teeth that has teeth, none haue I:
So shew'd his gums, which made
the young man laugh,
They both grew friends, and drank their liquor off.

(71)

When Women profit.

Although all women are reputed bad,
Yet two good dayes by them are ener had;
That happy day shee does thee husband call,
And day of death, when she does leaue thee all.

(72)

To Flora.

Snow held vnto the fire, dissolues, we see;
So they consume that burne in loue with thee.

To

Epigrams, Morall.

(73)

To Claudia.

Clandia deliuer'd of a chopping lad,
The Midwife swore it was as like the dad
As could be possible : tell true, quoth she,
Has he a bald crowne ? prethe let me see.

(74)

To Callice.

Callice I met, whose nose being richly spred
With Orientall pearles, and rubies red :
I ask'd him when he with the Goldsmith was :
Why Sir, quoth he ? because that he in brasle
Has set those stones, which should haue bin in gold :
And therefore Callice, if I might be bold,
The knaue has cozen'd thee, as I suppose,
To giue thee, instead of gold, a Copper nose.

(75)

To Furnus.

Furnus takes paines; he needs not, without doubt ;
O yes, he labors much ; how ? with the gout.

(77)

To a conetous Miser.

Thou sayst al things are deare, wine, corn & oile,
Yet thou well stor'd, liu'st in a plenteous soile,
And wretch to no man deere, thou deere dost sell :
Alas, all's deare, and therefore thou dost well :

Sell

Epigrams, Morall.

Sell as thou maist, and flye extortion,
So thou'lt be deare to all, yet deere to none:

(78)

To one that painted Eccho.

PAinter forbear, a madnesse 'tis in thee
To draw my forme, whom neuer man did see:
I onely daughter am to Ayre and noyse,
Without the bodies helpe I am a voyce,
For my *Narcissus* lesse, the world I hate,
And the last words I still reuerberate,
In mocking sort; no farther then proceed:
But would'st thou draw my counterseit indeed?
(*Eccho's* my name, my dwelling vnder ground)
And Painter, thou must onely paint a found.

(79)

To her Loue.

BEhold, my dearest, how the fragrant Rose
Is fresh and blown, whilst on the tree is growe;
But being by some rude hand pluck'd away,
Loseth its sweetnesse, and doth soone decay:
Euen so poore I, or liue, or dye by thee,
I am thy Rose, my deere, and thou my tree.

(80)

To Scatter-good.

SCatter-good going to his bed, with sorrow
In mind, what he should weare, or eat next morn
Found in his house a thiefe; who euery way
F Had

Epigrams, Morall.

Had seareh'd, yet could not meet with any prey;
He laughing said, away thou foolish wight;
Dost thou come hither in the maske of night,
To looke for ought? thou art deceiu'd, quoth he,
For when 't is day, my selfe can nothing see.

(81)

To one fickle minded.

VEr'thou as light of foot as light of mind,
Thou would'st out-strip the stag, the haire,
(or wind.

(82)

To his Picture.

HOW well, my Picture, thou resemblest me,
Thou art pale and so am I; thou canst not see,
And I am blind: ay me, so well I finde,
Thou hast no thought, and poore I haue no mind:
I haue no life, no breath does from thee breake;
Thou speechlesse art, ay me, nor can I speake:
Thy bowome does no heart at all containe,
And hartlesse I, without a heart remaine:
Alone thou dwell'st, vncompanied of any,
And so am I, though gaz'd vpon by many:
Of fading colours thou, wilt soone decay;
As I, of brittle and vnconstant clay:
Thou as my shadow, for a time shalt be;
As weake a shadow still does follow me:
Thou weake, must fade; long cannot I remaine,

To

Epigrams, Morall.

To dust and ashes both must turne againe :
Both thus are like, yet happier thou then I,
Thou dost not loue, I loue and wish to dye.

(83)

To the Reader.

R Eader, if nothing please thee here, begone ;
I writ them for to please my selfe alone.

(84)

To Swillus.

W Hen the parch'd earth, made thirsty
with the rayes

Of scorching *Phæbus*, cleaues in severall wayes

To quaffe the wished showers ; *Swillus* gapes,

Bring hither, boy, the pleasant iyce of grapes :

Now is the time to drinke ; and still his eye

Beholds the earth, and still he is adry.

Then when the heavenly sluces vp are tane,

And freedome given to gushing floods of raine,

Now, now quoth *Swillus*, fill with nimble hands,

Th'exhausted cups, for heauen now commands

Vs to carouse ; his drinke is ne're forgot,

And somewhat still hee'll say to tossie the pot.

(85)

To Cornutus.

C ORNUTUS twits his wife and sayes, that he

Can haue no child by her sterility :

Before a ycare was past, she was so sped,

F 2

Thag

Epigrams, Morall.

That with two children she was brought to bed ;
He musing ask'd her if those Babes were his ?
Lord, husband (quoth she) what a question's this?
I haue resolu'd you this, and let me dye,
These babes are yours; with you I did not lye.

(86)

On a Theefe.

A Theefe condemned for a haynous crime,
Was for to lose his tongue at that same time,
But he the Court in treats with fained teares,
To spare his tongue, and cut off both his eares :
To this the Iudge, and all the Bench agreed,
And for the Executioner sent with speed ;
Who being come, and searching, there was found
No eares, but haire; at this all laughed round :
Sayes Iudge, thou hast no eares; Sir, quoth the wight,
Where there is nought, the King must lose his right

(87)

To Barba.

HAue I the power to bid the frost not melt,
Or Alpine snow, when it the Sun hath felt ?
Or can I stay the falling showres of raine,
When springy Exhalations drop againe ?
Or may I maske the stars, or Cynthia bright,
In a faire Euening, and a frosty night ?
No more haue I the power to enforce
Thy constancy, for lust will haue its course.

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(88)

On Loue.

A Salue for euery sore is to be found,
But ther's no balsum that can cure loues wound

(89)

Sent to his Mistris in a Lemon.

FAirest, if you doe not finde
Naturall substance in this rinde,
Be not angry: what you doe
See inclos'd here, growes in you.
Purest colours would you seeke?
Goe no further then your checke:
Or would you Nepenthe sip?
Tast your owne soft melting lip:
The iuyce of Lemon well may prone
Cooling, but the flames of loue
In my brest, no Iulip, no
Nor cakes of Ice, nor falling snow
Can quench 'vm; you haue onely power
To flake them with a gentle shower:
I in your lips the cordiall see,
Cupid made to comfort me.
From your charme my paine will run,
Say you loue me, and 'tis done:
'Tis the heart-ake which I haue,
You can ease me, helpe I craue.
For which, to Loue and you, I'le bound become,
Till for the cure I haue discharg'd the summe.

F 3

On

Epigrams, Morall.

(90)

On a foole that found a Crab-fish.

IN midit of Summer when the radiant Sun
In all his glory, through the Zodiacke run;
A Crab-fish crawling from the scorched sea,
Came on a verdant banke to sport and play;
And as he frisking lay vpon the grasse,
A certaine Idiot by that place did passe,
Who hauing e're before a Crab-fish seene,
In hast to catch it, thrust his hand betweene
His griping clawes; the Crab did pinch him sore,
And made the simple fellow cry and rore;
Who to reuenge himselfe of this fell spight,
Tooke vp the Crab-fish, and with all his might
Flung it into the sea; saying, I trow
I'll teach you firrah to pinch strangers so.
The Crab amongst the waues doth leap and friske,
Suppeth his taile apace, is wondrous briske:
See, quoth the Innocent, alas dumbe thing,
The pangs of death, how sharp and sore they sting.

(91)

To Petrus ana Critticus.

MENS faces differ, and so does the heart,
Nor can the eye the hidden thoughts impart:
This man in outward shew doth gentle seeme,
And for a *Demon* we doe him esteeme,
When in his heart he does a *Demon* proue;

Epigrams, Morall.

So although Criticus professie thee loue,
Beleeue me, *Petrus*, trust him not, I know
Him for to be thy deadly priuate foe.

(92)

To Zoylus.

TO answer thee, I lately did refuse,
About Religion; know, I doe not vse
To giue to dogs things holy and diuine:
Thy carping currish nature does repine
At all that's good; thus to a curre I write,
That still will barke, although he cannot bite.

(93)

On a Surgeon.

A Skilfull Surgeon does these three command,
A Lions heart, Hawkes eye, and Ladies hand.

(94)

To his truly vertuous Mistris.

MY Mistris brest more beauty shrines within,
Then can be fancied on an outward skin:
Let fooles their wantons court, their face compare
To Roses mixt with Lillies, and their haire
To Sun-beames, gold, or downe, when it is knowne
To be another's comings, not their owne;
And that pure red and white, so highly grac'd,
Was there by Art and not by Nature plac'd:
Shall this draw my affection? shall my list
Write my despised memory in dust?

Epirams, Morall.

No, I am mounted on a nobler wing,
I can behold a painted vrne, and sing
No Anniuersc; no charme the face puts on
Can moue me, 'tis the mind I dote vpon:
The Superficies of the earth contains
Not haife the treasure is within its vaines:
The curled waues vpon 'vm cannot keepe
The moy'tie of that's hid in the deepe;
Nor can the outward face of heauen,
(As vnto what's within) such praise be giuen.
Where am I? from the heauens, earth, and sea,
Returne I backe, my dearest vnto thee:
Thy inward beauty is to thee more grace,
Then *Hellen's*, which was onely in the face.
Thou neuer need'st despaire, there shall not grow
One wrinkle in thy vertues luory brow:
The elder that thy graces grow, the more
They shall to thee renew rich beauties store:
Thy wisdom, and thy noble soule I loue,
That know'st affection, and how far to proue;
Here will I build, here my foundation lay
On rocky vertue, not on painted clay.

(95)

*On Mistri (*Westbe.)*

VVould you know what is more sleeke
Then the smooth and glasse cheek

Of

Epigrams, Morall.

Of bladed grasse ? or would you know
What is purer then the snow ?
Would you learne what is more soft
Then the downe that growes aloft
The blow-ball ? or what is more sweet
Then hunger, or the wedding-sheet ?
Would you know what blishes be,
Besides the Rose, or blossm'd tree ?
Or all delights, if you would read 'vm,
And would know what could exceed 'vm,
Looke on her, for none but she
Can their true Elixar be.
Touch her skin, and you shall feele
It slipperer then the glasse, or Eele ;
View it well, and then your sense
Will iudge it pure as Innocence ;
Softer farre then true loues kisses,
Sweeter then the choycest blisses ;
More red, more white, more sweet delight
Yeelding, then er day, or night,
Can boast of ; oh, who would not be,
To such a Saint, a Votarie ?
Why should then the spiced East
Be famous for the Phoenix nest ?
Since there may in the (* *west be*) found
One in whom more sweets abound.

On

Of

Epigrams, Morall.

(96)

On a Lover.

I Freeze in fire, and I fry in frost,
Unhappy I, that loue with labour lost.

(97)

To certaine Maidens playing with snow.

You tender Virgins, fairer then the Snow,
with which you play,
Note how it melts, thinke how the Roses grow,
and how decay,
Iust so does beauty fade, and age draw on,
Winter makes hast, and Summer's quickly gone.

(98)

To Sixtus.

Sixtus the tooth-ake troubles thee insooth,
That neither day nor night no rest canst take,
Yet with a good tongue doe but licke thy tooth,
And suddenly thy paine will thee forsake.

(99)

On a Beggar.

Aliue I had no house, now dead, a graue;
I liu'd in want, now I doe nothing craue:
A perrigrine I liu'd, poore, and distrest,
But weary death has sign'd my *Quietus est*:
Aliue I naked went, but now I am
Clad in rich robes, for *Cesar* weares the same.

To

Epigrams, Morall.

(100)

To his wife, which set a pot of Flowers
in the window.

Faire flowers thou dost in thy window set,
And stinking dirt to makethem grow, dost get.
Good wife cast all away, I thee desire,
The flowers smell sweet, but worse stinks the mire.

To Zoylus.

Why are thy brows girt with a lawrel wreath?
Apollo such does to his Sons bequeath:
But to thy Tribe, that stingest with thy tongue,
A garland made of Nettles does belong.

Virtus post funera vivit.

Though flames doe dye, yet embers live,
And griefe and sorrowes vs her ioy;
Perfumes, when burnt, the smoke doth giue
A comfort: doth bad scents destroy:
So, if in vrtues path we tread,
That will suruiue when we are dead.
He that is deem'd an honest man,
Whilst that he liues, no enuy can

Blot

Epigrams, Moralls

Blet the faire storie of his life :
When he is dead, his vertue shall
Long out-live his funerall ;
Though all the world be at strife,
To make his Tombe more lasting then
The large remembrances of men.

To his worthy friend, Mr. Iohn Hall,
going to travell.

And must we lose what other Realms shal finde?
Is *England* growne to narrow for thy mind?
Cannot th' impetuous perill of the maine,
Or *Silla*, or *Caribbes*, thee restraine?
Or, if not these, the dangers of the land,
Which thou shalt find waiting on either hand?
If none of all, thy forward thoughts can barre,
Proue both a wandring, and a fixed starre.

FINIS.

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